

Words From a Rifle

By Tommy Brennick &
Ray Sanchez, Jr.

Dear America,

Why do you blame me? . . . How can you think for one second that it's *my* fault? Whether I shoot one bullet at a time or many automatically is not my choice. I am *your* creation, enthralled by your will. I can't load myself, aim myself, and in no way can I pull my own trigger.

I am not filled with hate, or malice, nor any misguided belief that shooting anyone can be the answer to the way the world seems to you. I am *not* the result of an education system that thought that taking prayer out of schools would somehow enhance the moral foundation of the young minds who attend them.

In fact, since my creation, I have been a tool, meant to defend against those who would attack *US!* A tool meant to protect, to deter those who would harm us and, most of all, help against any attack on the fabric of our society, just as our forefathers intended. Indeed, since I cannot self-manifest, can you not see the internal conflict with *you*, see the hypocrisy of a world that has evolved to such a "politically correct" state that everyone is afraid to speak their minds, yet continues to manufacture bump stocks and hundred round drums? So now, let me do with words and not bullets. Let me effect a change of the mind that does not result in death. For I challenge you to consider this: If I was not used in this recent school shooting, would this *kid* not have killed those he harbored such hate against?

Long before he chose to use me, something went amiss in his mind. Somehow, in the course of his life, he began to develop within himself a thought process in which killing his peers seemed like a viable option. How did no one see his suffering but me? How have you become so oblivious of the pain of others, only noticing it when it erupts from my muzzle, to the horror and regret of a nation? Now, let's be honest here. I was not his preacher, his teacher, his peers who saw the bullying but did nothing; nor was I the ones that took an oath to protect the innocent but failed to act. Yet . . . I was his only friend.

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Long before this *kid* picked me up, he saw other kids like him find their selves in a state of mind and moral decay where the thought of using me was somehow the right and only option. Now, I cannot conceptualize a God or religion, yet, even I can see one thing very clearly. Not long after society took God out of school (*Vis a Vis* no longer allowing the Pledge of Allegiance), these horrific acts began. Columbine was the first major shooting where kids used me to such a degree, *but not the last!* Sure, adults have been using me in many ways I was not, and *am* not, meant for. Nevertheless, all of a sudden, kids were using me in the very place where they are sent to learn how to become citizens of this nation, a place where they are supposed to learn history, to become the **self** they will be. Yet, this is the one place they want to destroy. Why is that?

So, let me ask, when you took God out of school and became more worried about being politically correct than developing social correctness, *Who*, or *what*, did you think would take His place? Now you want to blame *me!* I am an inanimate object. I can't think; I can't reason; I sure can't act on my own in any way. I am, in all sense of the meaning, a *slave* to your intent. Yet, in all your logic, you think if I fire one bullet at a time instead of many, then THAT is the answer to this issue. How is it about me?

Let us, for the sake of argument, assume I did not exist. What then? Do you blame the knife that was used to randomly stab out of misguided hate? Do you criticize the truck that plows through a crowd of innocents? How about the fertilizer that helped destroy a federal building and countless lives with the push of a detonator's button? There is a common thread here, one factor that all share and, until you stop looking for a scapegoat like me, you'll never see where the real issue lies...

Finding the prerequisite to the end result, assigning blame, and not looking at the kid, the *child*, which used me, is the real issue. The fact that this is yet **another** school shooting is a real issue.! You can alter my machining until all that's left are single shots; you can regulate me until I no longer exist! And still, you will have only succeeded in avoiding those *real* issues you remain ignorant of.

I have continued to use the word "kid" in reference to the teenager that did this because that's all he is: a kid. His entire life, up to this point, has taken seventeen years. Almost the same

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amount of time it takes to obtain a Master's Degree or PhD. Ironically, it is those with degrees that blame me the most, using this tragedy for political clout, or to line their pockets in exchange for a vote. Even an inanimate object like me understands one simple fact: The continuance of any society's issues can only be a result of the way that society reacts to those issues of its citizens'. And, so far, our great society is failing that test...FACT.

So, go ahead and blame me. That's worked so well up to this point. Good luck with that.

Sincerely,

The Rifle

The Rifle just doesn't know that Psych Patients are pulling the trigger. And no one suspects the power of Psychs prescribing psychotropic meds behind the patients pulling the trigger. What if the Yiddish Psych Industry served as a fifth column generating the chaos toward Marxism? How would someone be able to expose them - and their purpose, as Merchants of Fear!

Teenagers in DC demanding yet more gun law restrictions should probably do some research on other countries in the last hundred years or so, which imposed strict gun laws - just before they were overthrown.

No doubt, you've all been herded like sheep to welcome Marxism. Oi vey!